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#### Special points of interest:

- T Ch Fernamber Edynn awarded her Tracking Champion title
- Fernfall Stand By Me CDX TD awarded her Tracking Dog title at the age of ten years!
- Fernamber Echo TD awarded her Tracking Dog title
- Fernamber Silhouette CDX TD qualified for her Tracking Tests 3 and 4
- Fernamber Echo TD awarded two qualifying scores in Novice class

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# Fernamber Off Lead

## Welcome to our Winter Issue

Tracking season is well underway! The dogs and I have been up early and off to tramp around damp paddocks at Haddon and Inverleigh!

At Knox's trial in May both April and Teagan failed to get that magic piece of cardboard (pass card) but Ashley saved the day when she passed her Tracking Qualification Test.

At the Golden Retriever Club Trial it was a different story. The Fernamber Golden Retrievers were stars! April completed her Test 2 and qualified for her Tracking Dog Title at the mighty age of ten years! Teagan qualified for her Test 3 with a grading of Very Good and then was allowed to track on and gained her Test 4 with a grading of Good. What clever girls! Ashley attempted Test 1, but failed to pass, so we will be trying again soon!

My thanks to Dawn and Peter Howard who are training and handling my girls. (I get to lie at the end of the track!)

The next day there was more good news! T Ch Fernamber Edynn qualified for her Test 6 and became a Tracking Champion! Hooray for Edynn and Lynn!

Fernamber Echo TD qualified for her Test 1 and her Test 2 after tracking on and was awarded her Tracking Dog title! Congratulations Teaka, Pia and Noel!

Teaka and her German Shepherd brother, Harley both gained their Tracking Qualification Tests in March.

Daniel, Goorambat Awatere CDX gained his Tracking Qualification Test. Congratulations David and Kerry!

The updates kept coming and changes to the Fernamber website kept me busy. No



Lynn with Edynn and Pia with Teaka—two new Tracking Titles!

sooner was one achievement added another followed! (Not really complaining!)

The following weekend, Teaka, Fernamber Echo TD starred again, gaining two qualifying scores towards her Companion Dog title, with a first and second place, the Highest Scoring Golden Retriever sash and the Highest Aggregate Score in Novice sash in memory of Clive at Keilor's obedience trial.

We recently said goodbye to some golden friends. Farewell Lacey, Toby and Hamish, now waiting at Rainbow Bridge. Lacey and Toby both reached the grand age of fourteen years. Young Hamish was only two. Our condolences to their families, both two and four legged.

Edynn's puppies have all settled in to their new homes now and are exploring the great wide world. Some future Tracking Champions in the making!

A year has passed since Clive left us. So much has happened and in some ways so little. I can only give thanks to all our friends who have taken the time to contact me and to include me in their activities.

Enjoy The Legend of the Evil Woobie!

## The Westminster Kennel Club Show

In 1938 the Westminster Kennel Club was already holding its 62nd annual show in New York City. Time Magazine chose for its cover, John Bates who later that week would step into the ring at Madison Square Garden to select Westminster's Best in Show winner. The caption still tells the story of this great event. *"His choice becomes the people's choice."* Westminster is undisputedly America's Dog Show. Established in 1877 The Westminster Kennel Club is America's oldest organisation dedicated to the sport of purebred dogs.

In its long and prestigious history just about every superlative has been used to describe the club, the show and its impact on the world of purebred dogs. Simply put Westminster has become the symbol of the purebred dog.

The first show was held in 1877 at Gilmore's Garden (the forerunner of Madison Square Garden) drawing an entry of 1201 dogs. In most breeds a single class was offered, sometimes divided by sex or age. In the first show there were entries in 35 different breeds and a Miscellaneous class which included a dog described as a cross between a St Bernard and a Russian Setter and a dog named Nellie born with two legs only.

Westminster even pre-dates the establishment of the governing body of the sport, the American Kennel Club, by seven years.

Rich in tradition the Westminster Kennel Club's famed annual dog show is a unique, prestigious event. Indeed there is only one Westminster.



Best in Show

## Stop Barking!

- Praise your dog often when he is doing the right thing (ie not barking when someone goes past the yard). Give plenty of praise, a tasty treat or play his favourite game to help reinforce that he is behaving well.
- Start training your dog every day. Short regular training sessions that teach your dog to sit, stay and lie down can help you have better control over your dog. Simply give him a command when he is barking and give lots of praise when he obeys.
- Be quiet and reserved when you first get home if your dog barks at your arrival. Learn to ignore him for the first few

minutes, especially if he is barking. Wait for him to calm down before you greet him. He will soon learn that if he is quiet, he will get your attention and praise.

- Don't shout at your dog. While it is hard not to yell when your dog is barking like crazy, he may think you are joining in and bark louder. The more patient and soothing your voice, the better your dog will respond.
- Don't try and hug or comfort a barking dog. You can inadvertently reinforce his behaviour.
- Seek advice from the experts if you feel your dog's barking is out of control.

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*"Praise your dog often when he is doing the right thing—ie not barking when someone walks past."*

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## On Your Bed!

This happened almost two years ago but I'll never forget it. I was training my then six month old female Boxer pup Tir, and I was attempting to teach her to "Stay" on her bed. She knew the cue to "Go to her Bed" and if I asked she would do it.

One night I had ordered some takeout food and was sitting down on the couch to watch TV and eat. I told Tir to go to her bed and while EXTREMELY reluctant she did it.

She kept staring at me, wanting to get up to come over but I would give her the "Look" and she knew she had to stay on her bed.

All of the sudden she let out a snort and got up, grabbed her bed in her mouth and dragged it over to the couch under my feet and sat back down on it. Perfectly positioned to "Stay" on her bed and still be able to share my dinner.

CLICK!! How could I not laugh and reward that. Talk about ingenuity.

This story really illustrates how clicker training helps our dogs to puzzle out solutions.



Tir on her bed

*This story from Kim Cassidy*

## The Rise of Canine Cancer

Cancer is a breakdown of the immune system, pure and simple. The main function of our immune systems (and those of our dogs) is to identify and destroy foreign, mutant and imperfect cells found in the body. It does so quietly and efficiently and it is only when the system is compromised that cancers can develop.

There seems to be a cruel parallel between the rise in the incidence of canine cancers and the same trend in human cancers.

Cancer in dogs was pretty rare only twenty years ago. Now Osteosarcoma and Lymphoma are commonplace, and all sorts of treatments including chemotherapy and radiotherapy are offered by specialist vets.

The reasons for this are environmental, in the diet and the lifestyle, just as in human cancers. Horses still eat grass and hang

out with their friends. Cats still get to hunt and catch birds or small animals and to maintain their independence.

Dogs are pack animals but nowadays get to lead solitary lives. They are mostly over-fed and under-exercised and spend most of their lives waiting patiently for their masters to come home from work.

Dogs nowadays don't get much raw or ripening meat and don't get to eat many bones. They don't get to catch their own prey or scavenge for food or eat the raw stomach contents of dead animals. Nowadays they only ever get to eat (gulp actually) cooked, commercial feeds, table scraps with a little raw meat if they are lucky. They are getting sicker and this is no surprise to me.

Robert McDowell, Herbalist



[www.herbal-treatments.com](http://www.herbal-treatments.com)

## Make the Most of Your Vet

### Before Your Visit

- Write down your dog's symptoms including when you first noticed a problem, whether his appetite has been affected, what his motions are like, the amount of water he is drinking, whether he seems depressed or in pain.
- Have there been any changes to his diet or exercise regime?
- Is your dog taking any medications or herbal or homeopathic remedies?
- Did his condition slowly get worse or was the change noticeable quickly.

### During Your Visit

- If your vet tells you something you don't

understand, ask him to explain further.

- If your dog requires medication ask what sort it is, how often it should be given and what effect it will have on your dog; for example will he become more thirsty, drowsy or hungry?
- Does your vet need to do any tests and what will these consist of.
- Should the vet diagnose your dog with a particular condition ask if any additional information or support is available.

### After Your Visit

- Be sure to make notes about any changes in your dog's condition.
- Contact your vet if you are still worried.

## The Lost Dog

One night our front door was accidentally left open and our dog, Bryce escaped.

After unsuccessfully whistling and calling for Bryce, my husband decided to take the car out looking for him. He drove around the neighbourhood for some time without seeing any sign of him.

Finally, he stopped beside a couple who were out for a walk and asked them if they had seen a large brown dog.

"Do you mean the one following your car?" they asked....

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*"Make the most of the visit to your Vet."*

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I know the way home,  
I think...

## The Legend of the Evil Woobie!

**Once upon a time**, over a hundred years ago, there lived a kindly old man named Lord Tweedmouth who loved his doggies very much. For his doggies were very special. They were hunting dogs, like many others in the neighborhood, but they had been born a very unusual shade of gold. These dogs became known far and wide for their prowess at returning birds to their beloved master when he went out shooting, and they returned his love and affection manifold, even sharing his bed (unheard of among hunting dogs at that time). This was a source of great dismay to the good Lady Tweedmouth, for she felt her social status was measured by keeping the manor house tidy. (And, if she could have admitted it, she would have said that she had always been more than a wee bit jealous of these special dogs from the outset.)

As word of these special golden retrieving dogs spread like wildfire among the gentry, good Lady Tweedmouth was astonished to find that her social standing was greatly enhanced by being associated (if only tangentially) with her husband's special hunting companions. Gradually, the Lady's heart began to soften towards the great

favorite woodland creatures... squirrels, hedgehogs and the like. These she stuffed with more of the soft golden fuzz that continued to accumulate around the manor house, despite the maids' most earnest efforts to keep it in check.

At last, on Christmas Day, after all members of the household had exchanged their gifts and indulged in much merrymaking, Lady Tweedmouth called the dogs to her side and presented them with their special presents. After much sniffing, each of the dogs took one of these unusual toys into its mouth, wagging with gratitude, while at the same time barking their appreciation. But instead of coming out "Woof! Woof!" as they'd intended, the dogspeak came out "WOOB! WOOB!" as their mouths were indeed full!

**At the dark end of that good day**, when the guests were gone, the Tweedmouth retrievers settled into their master's bed, along with the Lord and the Lady, and of course with the Lady's toys, which were by now being called "Woobies" by all members of the household. In the days that followed, it soon became apparent that these Woobies were looked upon by their owners as their own special pets, for the

huge drooling beasts that inhabited the house, despite the bitter complaints from the parlormaid and chambermaid about the vast quantities of golden hair they removed each day from parlor and bedchamber. In fact, as the Christmas season began to draw near, she even began to contemplate giving the dogs a special gift of their very own. Being a wise woman, she kept these thoughts to herself, as dogs were not treated then as they are today.

Nonetheless, she owed the golden beasts a debt of gratitude for improving her social standing, and she spent many hours debating what gift they might most enjoy. . .

**Then one day** inspiration struck good Lady Tweedmouth as she observed the aforementioned surly maids going about their work. Why not make these special dogs some special toys, while at the same time doing something to make the household staff more agreeable? Whereupon she collected the vast quantities of golden fur and began to spin it into a fine golden thread, and continued about her work by weaving this exquisite thread into a most unusual fabric which was wonderfully soft. She then set about fashioning small likenesses of the dogs'

dogs cared for them in the same doting manner that good Lord Tweedmouth ministered to their needs. And the Woobies returned the dogs' devotion equally, being never far from their sides.

Never had the manor house seemed so full of harmony and goodwill. Lady Tweedmouth was deeply touched by the dogs' response to her gifts, and came to realize that she did indeed truly love them, regardless of what the neighbors might think of her frequent and excessive displays of affection for them. Seeing the Lady becoming so enthralled with his golden darlings naturally pleased Lord Tweedmouth greatly, as the dogs were no longer a wedge between himself and his good wife (though he now often found himself sleeping on the floor!). Even the housekeeping staff left off their bickering and complaining. And in this happy state of affairs, the winter passed slowly and peacefully, gradually giving way to spring... until one truly terrible day!

**The coming of spring** was once again a signal for celebration at the Tweedmouth estate. The somber Lenten season was past, Eastertide was but a memory; it was now time for the annual feasting and



## The Legend of the Evil Woobie! (cont'd)

merrymaking that was the center of the May Day observance at the manor. Each year, townsfolk and gentry would gather for a day and evening of eating, drinking, dancing and all other manner of fun (some of it naughty, but most of it nice). The preparations leading up to this day were, of course, extremely burdensome to the household staff, who now (in addition to the usual drudgery associated with the annual event) were forced to complete their tasks while dodging the "great drooly loathsome beasts" (which is what they called Lord Tweedmouth's precious ones when they were safely behind closed doors). Needless to say, the maids and footmen began to return to their churlish ways, and occasionally they would forget themselves and hurl their unpleasant epithets at the dogs while they went about their labors. This preyed greatly upon the mind of the good Lady Tweedmouth, for she could not bear to hear their complaints against those who were now HER very special companions.

Finally, the first of May arrived, bringing a cloudless sky filled with singing birds and just enough puffy white clouds to provide the odd bit of shade should the day

had managed to pull off a smashing social success.

Not noticing the good Lady herself, he was able to surmise, from past experience, that she was waiting for just the right moment to make her entrance. And sure enough, when he turned a moment later and looked up the stairway that led to the great hall, he saw her poised regally at the head of it. Giving her a small nod and a conspiratorial wink, he called for the attention of the assembled guests. "Ladies, gentlemen, and good folk, it is my honor to announce to you the entrance of the Lady Tweedmouth, my wife and the maker of this feast."

All eyes were cast upon the Lady, who graced the throng below with one of her legendary smiles, and proceeded to descend the stairway in a slow and measured pace, looking every inch the Lady that she was. Until, that is, her foot chanced to land upon something that was indeed not a stair tread... something soft that rolled beneath her, causing her to complete her descent of the staircase in a most unladylike manner, arriving at the bottom in a disheveled, unconscious heap. The guests gasped collectively! It was then

become warm and the more delicate of the ladies begin to swoon. Last minute preparations were completed, the dogs' coats brushed by the Lord and Lady to a high sheen. At last, the Tweedmouths, seeing that all was in readiness and done to their satisfaction, repaired to their private chambers to dress in their finery and prepare to meet their guests. It was then that an uninvited guest named TROUBLE invaded the Tweedmouth manor house... stealthy, soundless and unnoticed by all.

**Soon all that could be heard** were the sounds of horses hooves on the cobbled drive as the invited guests began to arrive. Laughter filled the great hall as peasants and peers came together, forgetting their class differences for this once a year opportunity to get a glimpse into each others' lives. The workers from the fields gaped open-mouthed at the richness of the feast and partook of it with great glee; the stuffy old titled folk were treated to some rather "low" humor, and chortled behind their hands (or, in the case of the ladies, their fans) at the naughtiness of it all. Lord Tweedmouth looked over the scene and smiled with pleasure, knowing that once again, the Lady and the household staff

that the culprit was discovered... there, on the third step from the top was a WOOBIE! And the Lady Tweedmouth was indeed in a bad way, lying pale and still on the stone floor...

**Fortunately**, old Doctor Leech was in attendance, and quickly elbowed his way through the crowd to attempt to revive the Lady. He knelt over her prostrate form for several moments, waving a vial of some foul smelling substance back and forth beneath her nose... but alas, his efforts were in vain! The only noticeable effect of this treatment was the rapid disappearance from the scene of the Tweedmouth Retrievers, who until now had been sniffing their beloved mistress with great concern.

After a few more minutes of ministering to the Lady, the old doctor instructed Lord Tweedmouth that "only time will tell if she will revive," and instructed him to have her carried forthwith to her bedchamber. Two of the servants quickly produced a makeshift litter and prepared to carry her up the same staircase which she had descended in such a terrible fashion. In so doing, they noticed that the woobie which had caused her demise had disappeared, but did not remark upon it to the Lord.



The Newsletter from  
Fernamber Golden Retrievers

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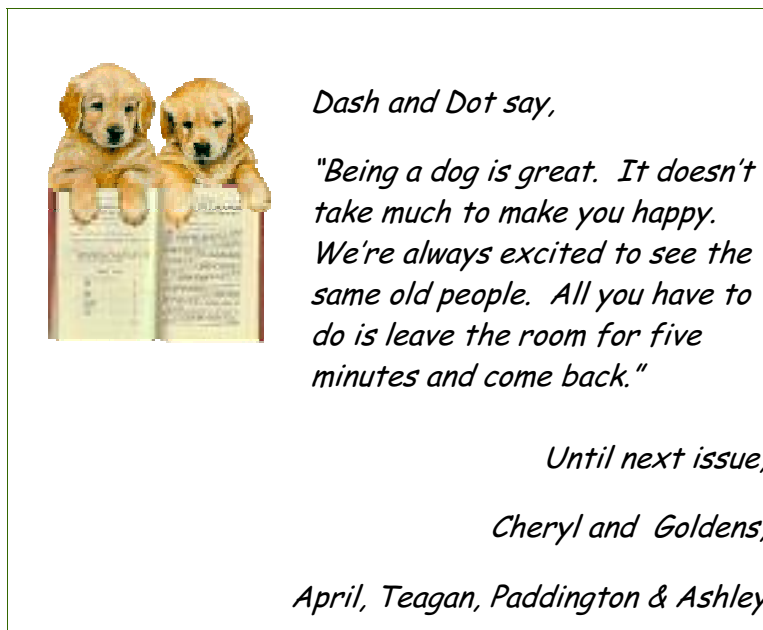
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*Dash and Dot say,*

*"Being a dog is great. It doesn't  
take much to make you happy.  
We're always excited to see the  
same old people. All you have to  
do is leave the room for five  
minutes and come back."*

*Until next issue,*

*Cheryl and Goldens,*

*April, Teagan, Paddington & Ashley*

## The Legend of the Evil Woobie! (cont'd)

Lifting their burden ever so gently, they began their sad task, troubled greatly by the Lady's seemingly lifeless pale form.

The hushed crowd watched with grief-stricken faces as she was carried away...

**Slowly and ever so gently**, the faithful retainers carried the Lady up the long and winding staircase arriving at last at the threshold of her chamber. The door was, fortunately, cracked open ever so slightly, so there was no need to shift their mistress needlessly. But as they carefully eased the door open, they were barely able to keep control of their burden BECAUSE...

The air in the room was FILLED with flying golden fur!! There upon the Lady's bed were gathered the good Tweedmouth retrievers and their entire collection of Woobies, all of which were by now in tatters, their innards and entrails flying about the chamber. For the retrievers were indeed wroth at their heretofore beloved toys, for they were keen in their perceptions that one of them had precipitated their mistress' undoing and, being unsure which Woobie was the culprit, had agreed among themselves that ALL must pay the ultimate price and be destroyed to prevent further harm to the members of the household. Indeed, they were so intently bent to their task of avenging their mistress that they would not cease, even after they were sternly admonished by Lord Tweedmouth to do so (and they were generally VERY obedient dogs).

And so the servants, still bearing Lady Tweedmouth on the litter, and unable to

deposit her on the bed, waited for the dogs to cease their frenzied Woobie-killing and looked on as Lord Tweedmouth tried in vain to restore order. And thus it was, with all save the Lady temporarily distracted by the dogs' activity, and with golden hair swirling about in abundance, that there came suddenly a MOST unladylike sneeze!! Then another, and another!!! Lo and behold, the Lady was coming back to herself, thanks to the violent invasion of her nose by the combination of Woobie innards and bits of the down comforter that adorned the bed. Slowly, she sat up on her litter and surveyed the shambles that was her bedchamber and very nearly fell into a ladylike swoon. At the sight of their revived mistress, the Tweedmouth Retrievers immediately ceased their heretofore relentless shredding, and began to lick and nuzzle her with joy.

And in the aftermath, harmony and happiness once again prevailed at the Tweedmouth manor. But ever after, from that day to this, the Legend of the Evil Woobie has been passed on to descendents of the original Tweedmouth Retrievers from dam to pups for generations. And for generations, they have continued their vigilance in protecting those whom they love, faithfully honoring their Woobie-killing ancestors and unselfishly sacrificing their beloved toys for the sake of their human companions' well-being.

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Read more about woobies at [www.geocities.com/Heartland/Meadows/3389/blaze.htm](http://www.geocities.com/Heartland/Meadows/3389/blaze.htm)